AROUND THE CAMPFIRE.

INTERESTING HALF-HOUR WITH THE VETERANS.

An Illinoisan's Souvenir of the Battle of Chickamauga—Half a Century From Now the Great Army Will Be Gone—Old Glory Now.

A Lead Furlough.

Why do we not hear more of the old 51st Ill.? I enlisted in Co. F on July 13, 1862, and after recruiting a squad of comrades, joined the regiment at Nashville, Tenn., Nov. 6, and was with it in the field from that time until June 16, 1865, except three months following the battle of Chickamauga, where, on the morning of September 20, 1863, I received from some kind Johnny a furlough in the form of a rifle-ball wound in the left shoulder, which also excused me from participation in the battle and capture of Missionary Ridge.

At the reorganization of the army for the summer of 1863, the 51st Illinois was placed in the Third brigade of the Third division of the Twentieth corps, army of the Cumberland. The brigade was commanded by Colonel L. P. Bradley, 51st Illinois, and contained the 22d, 27th, 42d, and 51st Illinois. The division was under Brigadier-General Philip H. Sheridan. The corps was commanded by Major-General A. McD. McCook, and was the right wing of the army, General Rosecrans being in command of the department and army of the Cumberland.

On September 19, 1863 our division was in reserve, and was not called into action until late in the afternoon, only our Third brigade being engaged that day.

We came onto the field in column at double-quick step, and being left in front formed line-of-battle by "on the right by file into line," and charged the enemy's line without stopping, driving the line back and recapturing a part of the 11th Indiana battery, which had been lost by General Wood's army early in the day.

We were engaged about 30 minutes, and the 51st lost 90 out of 209 men engaged—about 43 per cent. Col. Bradley being twice wounded, the command of the brigade devolved on Col. N. H. Wolworth, of the 42d Ill.

We held our position until daylight of the 20th, when we were moved to the left some distance, and formed on a knoll near the road. Here we got breakfast, and rested until nearly 10 o'clock, when the tide of battle surged our way again, and the 51st moved off the knoll across the road to the front, and were soon in it thick and hot.

We would drive the enemy a little, then be driven back until we were nearly surrounded, and bullets were dropping in among us from three directions, and a column of the enemy in plain view was marching toward our rear, between us and the line on our left. Suddenly up rode Gens. Rosecrans and Sheridan to view the situation.

What a war picture! Grounds about level, covered with scattered pine bushes, with now and then a large tree; a column of the enemy on our left going to our rear; a line-of-battle in our front and on our right, and the two generals near us on their horses, conspicuous marks for the enemy's sharpshooters.

How those generals ever got out of that shower of lead unhurt is one of the unsolved mysteries of the war, and I should like to know whether they remembered the circumstance after the war was over.

That was the last time I ever saw either of those generals who had gallantly led us for more than ten months in march, bivouac and battle, through foul weather and fair, through swollen streams and over high mountains, from Nashville to Chickamauga.

What impressed the circumstance so indelibly upon my mind was that just at this interesting time, as we fought without protection, a rifle-ball from the enemy brushed the hair from my temple and another passed through my left shoulder. My rifle dropped from my hand, my left arm fell useless at my side, and I went to the rear in search of Gen. Sheridan's field hospital; coming first to Wood's, then to Van Cleve's, to Johnson's, to Palmer's, where I was told to go no farther, as Gen. Sheridan's hospital was in the hands of the enemy.

A few minutes after my arrival orders came to the hospital for all who could walk to start to Chattanooga by the valley road, and all other wounded to be put into ambulances and wagons and started for the same place.

I had the good fortune to get a ride part of the way in a headquarters wagon of an Indiana regiment, I think the 72d or 97th mounted infantry.

I arrived at the rebel hospital buildings southeast of town at 10:30 o'clock p. m., and finding a company comrade or two we lay down until morning.

On the 21st we crossed the river on the pontoon bridge, and lay there until the morning of the 22d, when we started for Bridgeport on foot. That night we slept on the mountain-top where had been a signal station; arrived at Bridgeport on the night of the 23d at 11 p. m., and lay on the ground and slept until morning.

After getting breakfast we boarded a train of box cars and started for Nashville, passing 1,700 prisoners at Stevenson. We arrived at our destination on the morning of the 25th, and were taken in an ambulance to Hospital No. 2, on College hill, and placed in Ward F, where the nurses, Billy and Sheldon, gave our wounds the first dressing, being only (!) five days after they were received. And to-day we are called "bummers and coffee-coolers."—L. O. Colburn, in the National Tribune.

Sherman's March.

On the march and in the camp Sherman's life was simplicity itself. He had few brilliantly uniformed and useless aids about him. The simple tent "fly" was his usual headquarters, and under it all his military family ate together. His dispatches he wrote mostly with his own hand. He had little use for clerks. When we halted some where in the woods for the night, the general was the busiest man in the army. While others slept, his little campfire was burning, and often in the long vigils of the night I have seen a tall form walking up and down by that fire. * * * Sherman himself slept but little. He did not seem to need sleep, and I have known him to stay but two hours in bed many a time. In latter years a slight asthma made much sleep impossible for him. After the war, when I was at his home in St. Louis, he seldom retired till 12 or 1 o'clock. It was often late, too, on this march.

It was a singularly impressive sight to see this solitary figure walking there by the flickering campfire while the army slept. If a gun went off somewhere in the distance, or if an unusual noise was heard, he would instantly call one of us to go and find out what it meant. He paid small attention to appearances; to dress almost none.

"There is going to be a battle today, sure," said Colonel Aukenreid, of the staff, one morning before daylight.

"How do you know?" asked a comrade.

"Why, don't you see? The general's up there by the fire putting on a clean collar. The sign's dead sure."

A battle did take place that day, and Cheraw, with forty cannon, fell into our hands. It was more of a run than a battle.—American Tribune.

"Old Glory" Now!

With love that knows no measure
We love our country's flag:
We joy to see it waving
O'er plain and mountain crag.
Its form so fair and faultless,
Divine its every hue,
It speaks to us of heaven
And all that's good and true.

All hail thou glorious banner!
All hail red, white and blue
For thou dost speak of heaven,
And all that's good and true

It floats upon the billows,
The glory of the seas
By every nation honored,
And kissed by every breeze:
It greets mankind as brothers
And binds them all in one.
Whate'er their creed or color,
Beneath the shining sun.

Where'er it waves the captive
Beholds a broken chain,
And sees the throne of justice
Destroy the tyrant's reign.
The harbinger of morning,
It ushers in the day,
That watchmen on the towers
Have seen so far away.

O, glorious, glorious banner!
Beyond the price of gold,
With blood of patriots purchased
And sacrifice untold:
Wave on, wave on forever,
O'er freedom's fragrant sod,
And let thy glorious brightness
Blend with the throne of God!

—Inter Ocean

The Typewriter on the Field.

Military authorities appear to be exhausting every resource that will add to the rapidity of communication between the field of battle and the commanding officer. For a long time the telegraph was relied on for the instant transmission of intelligence, and then the telephone was brought into active use. It has been recently seriously proposed that aides-de-camp and other carriers of information in times of war should be taught shorthand, in order to write down important communications with all possible speed, and the latest move in this direction is the introduction of the typewriter on the scene of military operations.

One of the novel features of a recent military tournament in England was the use of the typewriter on the battlefield for the purpose of recording messages from signalers. It is stated that the typewriter operator was also an expert cyclist, and had his typewriter mounted on the handles of his machine. Riding in and out among the horses and gun carriages, which he did without the slightest mishap, whenever he came to a standstill he instantly braced up the cycle by a handy contrivance and pounded away at the typewriter while in the saddle. The message, when completed, was sent to the commanding officer in the rear by means of a trained dog.

The Eightieth Indiana.

Organized at Princeton and Indianapolis, Ind., in September, 1862, to serve three years. The colonels of the regiment were: Charles Denby, resigned January 17, 1863; Lewis Brooks, resigned August 10, 1863; James L. Culbertson, resigned January 26, 1864; Alfred Dale Owen, mustered out with organization. Left the state September 8, going to Covington, Ky. Was engaged in the battle of Chaplin Hill, losing 150 officers and men in killed, wounded and missing. Was engaged in two expeditions against Morgan. In the Atlanta campaign the regiment took part in all the important engagements, losing 175 officers and men in killed and wounded. When the Twenty-third corps was detached from the command of General Sherman and sent to Tennessee the regiment was a part of the organization, and took part in all the engagements of that corps while under command of General Thomas. Was ordered to Alexandria, Va., in 1865, and embarked from that point for North Carolina, where it took part in the campaigns against Raleigh, Wilmington and other cities. It remained in the state of North Carolina until June 22, when, in accordance with orders from the war department, it was mustered out, and the recruits were transferred to the 129th Indiana.

FOR YOUNG PEOPLE.

INTERESTING SUBJECTS FOR THE YOUNG.

The Science of Curves Which All Pitchers Should Master—Zealous Little Partisan—A Cherished Document.

It is pretty generally admitted that the pitcher is the most important player on the diamond. To be a good pitcher requires not only perfect control of the ball in all methods of its straight delivery, but the ability to toss in the puzzling curves which lead to so many strike-outs.

Arthur Cummings, of the old Star team, of Brooklyn, was the first ball player to make practical use of the curve, says the New York World. He experimented and practised for a long time before he could explain the apparent anomaly of a ball thrown from the hand changing its direction horizontally during the course of its flight.

Scientists have formed many theories trying to explain why this is so. The one generally accepted as correct is simple. If one side of a ball can be made to pass through the air with greater rapidity than the other side there is greater friction produced by the atmosphere on the side moving most rapidly. This retarding effect drags the ball to one side and produces the so-called curve. To curve a ball, therefore, it is only necessary to make one side travel faster than the other. This is accomplished by twisting the

The Out Curve.

hand sharply at the moment of delivery, allowing the ball to roll off the fingers instead of being released from all points at the same moment.

To produce the in curve grasp the ball firmly between the thumb and first two fingers, the remaining fingers being doubled in the hand. Throw the ball at a height equal to the shoulder. At the instant of releasing it from the hand twist the fingers sharply towards the body, allowing the ball to roll off their ends. The firm hold on the ball in throwing this "shoot" permits of both greater speed and greater accuracy than in almost any other delivery.

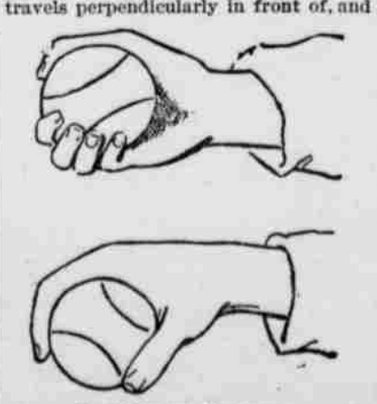
For the out-curve secure the ball in the hand by pressing it firmly between the fingers and base of the thumb. In delivering the ball to the batsman throw the arm forward midway between the shoulder and waist, the palm of the hand up. At the moment of releasing the ball turn or twist the hand quickly to the left, allowing the ball to roll off the side of the first finger.

Although this is the easiest of all curves to pitch, it is most difficult to control. Only practice will make perfect in this. As great speed as possible should be used, for a swift ball changing direction only a few feet from the batsman is much more difficult to hit than one traveling slowly and curving half a dozen yards from the home-plate.

For an upshoot the ball is grasped in the same manner as for the in curve. In throwing, however, the hand is brought down palm forward, perpendicularly in front of the body, the ball rolling off the end of the fingers as the hand is twisted suddenly downward.

Very few but professional players ever master the drop curve. Almost all amateurs throw instead the "outdrop," which, as its name indicates, is a curve half way between the out and the drop. This is not at all difficult to pitch. The ball is grasped as for the out curve, but in throwing the hand passes diagonally across the body from a little above the right shoulder to about the height of the belt on the left side. The ball is released when directly in front of the home plate.

In the true drop curve the hand travels perpendicularly in front of, and



Position for In Curve.

the palm towards the body. It is very difficult to give sufficient speed to a ball thrown in this manner. It is the lack of force which makes the down curve so hard for amateurs to master.

There are variations on the regular up, down, in and out shoots which are wonderfully effective when learned. The "up-out" is such a one. In principle it is the same as the "out." In delivering the ball, however, the hand is brought from low down on the right side diagonally upwards across the body.

A combination of the drop and the in-shoot is the most difficult curve of any that a batsman has to face. In fact, if the ball is well placed, it is practically impossible for him to touch it. The curve is thrown much the same as the drop, save that the hand is brought from over the left shoulder diagonally to-wards the right leg.

After endeavoring to tempt a batsman with various curves, a straight ball thrown with great speed is some-

The In Curve.

times very effective. Professional pitchers find, also, that changing their position in the box from one side to the other, from the rear to the front, or from the center to one of the sides will often produce a good result.

There should be a thorough understanding between pitcher and catcher, and a set of signals which each may use to tell the other what kind of a ball—straight or curved, high or low—is to follow. The pitcher should practice constantly in order to retain control of the ball. This control and ability to place the sphere wherever wanted is three-fourths the battle.

A Strategic Movement.

The boys who are brought up under a military system certainly learn the art of strategy. This was well illustrated in Prussia some years ago in the following manner:

The receptions of a certain Prussian general's wife were for some reason uncongenial to the youths under his command, and unfrequented by them. The general, a strict martinet, was imprudent enough to reproach them with their shortcomings in this matter, and to demand a change in their manners.

At his very next ball, when the guests were assembled, the tramp, tramp of marching feet was heard upon the staircase, the door was thrown open, and there marched into the room a whole corps of cadets, who, with their young officer at their head, halted and stood at attention.

"What is the meaning of this?" shouted the general.

"The first corps of cadets, to dancing commanded!" replied the youth, saluting as though on parade.

"Take them away!" screamed the general, beside himself with rage.

"Right about face, march!" was the calm and unmoved answer, and the cadets marched out in the same order as they had entered.—Harper's Young People.

Zealous Little Partisan.

When Gen. Forrest, of the Confederate forces, was in fierce pursuit of the raiding party of Col. Straight, a brave little girl became his helper. One day,

when he was nearing the bridge over the Estananla, this lassie, fourteen or fifteen years old, appeared in the road before him and signed to him to halt.

"The Yankees have halted at the bridge," said she. "They'll fire upon you if you go within sight."

"Isn't there a ford above, where we can cross?" asked Forest.

"Oh, yes, a little more than a mile above there is a good ford."

"Well, can't you guide me to it?"

"Yes, indeed! Take me up behind you. I know the way well."

She climbed a stump, sprang up behind him, and pointed out the route he must take.

"Now you had better stop here," she said, after they had gone nearly a mile. "For after you pass that timber they can see you from the ford. By this time they may have sent some soldiers up there and they will shoot you if you pass that point."

So Forrest dismounted, and accompanied by several of the officers at the head of the column, advanced to the timber, and was peering round it when the enemy at the ford opened fire upon them. He was amazed and alarmed when the little girl darted past him, and spreading out her little frock, cried:

"Get behind me! Get behind me!"

He snatched her up, drew her to a place of safety, and then charged and drove back the enemy. No braver soldier than his little helper had ever entered the field.

Buffalo has 40,000 Poles living chiefly in a quarter of their own where English is little spoken and many business signs are in Polish or Russian. The colonists retain many of their native characteristics and slowly conform to American ways. The colony is one of the largest foreign elements to be found in any American city of the third class.

Canada has granted but 115 divorces in the last twenty years.

The see of Baltimore is the primary of the Catholic church in America.

Delaware is the lowest state and Colorado the highest above the sea level.

The average weekly wages paid to female laborers of all classes in Germany is $2.17.

Some deep sea fish have luminous organs and light their own way through the darkness.

All Saints' church in Sedlitz, Bohemia, contains a chandelier made entirely of human bones.

Fond Mother—Do you think my daughter will become a fine pianist? Prof. von Thump—I am afrait nod, madame, but after another year's practice her fingers vill be limbered up so dot she can make a brilliant success mit a typewriter."

There are 9,000,000 foreign born people in the United States.

British fishermen daily drag $100,000 worth of fish from the sea.

Jasper—Girls always want to marry for love but when they grow older they look after the money. Jumpuppe—You express yourself very ungallantly. Women never grow older. They simply grow wiser.

Sarcastic Barnstormer, after the bombardment from the gallery—I have eggs enough now, thank you. Will no one send up an accompanying ham! Gallery, with emphasis—It's on the stage now!

A physician has brought out a novelty which consists of applying a rubber heel to walking boots, by which means the force expended in planting the foot on the ground is utilized to assist in progression of the wearer. According to the doctor's theory the harder a man brings his heel down upon the pavement the easier will he walk.

Sweet potatoes yield alcohol.

Boiler plate coffins are something new.

United States land is worth $12,500,000,000.

There are 1,000 distinct varieties of postage stamps.

Insect-eating animals are gradually becoming extinct.

There is only one flock of pure merino sheep in England.

The pay of an admiral in the English navy is $9,125 a year.

"Our hero sat in the corner of the railway compartment devouring his newspapers," read Miss Myrtle Dolan from the latest acquisition to her paper-cover library. "He wor devourin' what?" asked her father, with sudden interest. "His newspaper, the book says," replied Myrtle. "Go an wid yez. Oi t'ought 'twor a mon ye wor readin' about an' now, be the powers, he turns out to be a goat!"

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